

See if there might be a place
created for me - in the
Selling department - This
is just another search in
the darkness of uncertainty
for the ladder can which
I hope to mount to
independence & peace of
mind.

As a war horse scents
the odor of powder - So
does a person once
familiar with a photographic
dark room find an
exhalation in the odors of
the chemicals. The papers
with wet emulsion -
the plates & films in the
process of developing -
printing - So does my
heart quicken as I stop
before a photographic display,

Case. I mount the stairs &
ask for the Proprietor - he
sits in - I ask an operator
if there is a chance for one
who used to look the work -
I tell him that I'd work for
almost nothing to get my
hand in the Chemically
again - I am told to come
in again - I go down
to the Street - My heart
wondering if I could pick
up the sheets & Knack again -
Some doubts arise but
deep inside I feel that
I could - I'd like to try.

I go into a drug
store to call on a former
customer of mine - he is
glad to see me - but his
reason for this is that he